

G-----E and D-----Y:

Lord Euston

Boyle

OR, THE

Injur'd Ghost.

A

TRUE TALE.

In Imitation of

WILLIAM and MARGARET.

By a Young LADY of QUALITY.

----- Foul Deeds will rise,
Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them from Men's Eyes.

Hamlet.



L O N D O N:

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Handel.

G—E and D—Y:

OR, THE

Injur'd Ghost,

I.

WHEN ALL was wrapt in fable Night,
And *Nature* sought Repose,
Forth from its Grave, the restless *Spright*
Of D-----Y, arose.

II.

Her Face was all beset with Woe ;
Her Cheeks were wan with Care ;
Her Eyes were parch'd, and sunk with Grief,
That once so radiant were.

III.

With solemn Pace, and awful Gloom,
And Train with Sorrow hung,
She wander'd to that fatal Room,
From whence her Sorrow sprung.

IV.

And thrice she gave a piteous Groan,
And all unfurl'd her Shroud :
And thrice she sadly shook her Head,
And thus bespoke aloud.

(4)

V.

O G-----E ! thou Author of this Scene,
Thy downy Dreams forsake :
'Tis injur'd D-----y that calls,
Injurious G-----E ! awake.

VI.

Awake ! and hear that *breathless Voice*,
Which thy Upbraidings brought :
Awake ! and see that *empty Shade*,
Which thy Ill-treatment wrought.

VII.

Behold this *Babe*, this Embrio *Babe*,
That scarce had learnt to *live* ;
Say, *Monster* ! why did you destroy
That *Life*, you sought to *give* ?

VIII.

The * MEANS were horrid as thy Soul ;
The Will was Work divine ;
That Nought from *Me*, might ever grieve,
To be a Work of *Thine*.

IX.

See, what a Havock thou hast made,
Vile Pillager of Time !
To blast the Fruits that Nature gave,
Before their Summer's Prime.

X.

How could you (none but you could do !)
Cut off my Morn so soon ?
And let my lasting Night come on,
Before its perfect Noon ?

How

* By being hurried about in a Coach, and as often over-walk'd, &c. &c.
She miscarried, when five Months gone with *Child*, and dyed the next Day.

(5)

XI.

How could you vow a Lover's Part,
And yet that Vow forsake?
How could you win a Virgin's Heart,
Yet cause that Heart to break?

XII.

How could you, to the prying World,
Profess such Shew of Joy?
Yet by your cruel Deeds to me,
Those gilded Words destroy?

XIII.

How have I strove in other Eyes,
To be all-chearful seen!
When by your wounding Words, my Heart
Was bleeding all within!

XIV.

How have I, on my bended Knees,
Implor'd your Will to know!
What have I not, to please that Will,
Resolv'd to undergo!

XV.

Why left I All that held me—*dear*!
(O dire Decree of Fate!)
Why gave I pure, untainted Love,
For undeserved Hate!

XVI.

When You was absent from my Sight,
How restless have I been!
When You appear'd, what Joys I felt!
Yet none in you were seen.

Wherein

XVII.

Wherein had *Nature* wrought amiss?
Or what had *Art* defil'd?
Nor *Time* had any Furrows made,
Or any Feature spoil'd?

XVIII.

My *Face*, as other Faces, *fair*;
And *I*, as Others, *kind*;
Nor faulty more my *Eyes*, than your's;
The *Fault* was in your MIND.

XIX.

There grew the Beam that overcast
The *Gifts* which I possess;
There lodg'd those Savage, poison'd Shafts,
That pierc'd my bleeding Breast.

XX

Why did you, base, dissembling Man!
Such treach'rous Ills impart?
To Me---You only gave your Hand;
To Others---gave your Heart.

XXI.

Why was I, wretched! singled out
To skreen your deathless Shame?
Why was a false One deem'd as--*Wife*,
While I but wore---the *Name*?

XXII.

With *Her* you spent those pleasing Hours,
That did to *Me* belong;
She, in your *Eyes*, did all Things *right*;
While *I*---did all Things *wrong*.

Why

XXIII.

Why for these Suff'rings was I born?

Perfidious! tell me, why?

E'er I beheld thy faithless Face,

• Why suffer'd not to die?

XXIV.

Nor Laws, nor human, nor divine,

Could stop thy brutal Will;

Think on thy absent Brother's *Wife*---

Thy Brother's *Widow* still.

XXV.

Still Thou enjoy'st that guilty Dame,

In rank, incestuous Bed;

Think, where will lodge thy wicked *Soul*,

When from thy *Body* fled!

XXVI.

Think on the deadly *Deeds* you've done;

Think on the fatal *Change*---

Thy *Crimes* rise higher in Account,

Than *Justice* can avenge.

XXVII.

May *Spectres* stare Thee in the Face!

May *Horrors* guard Thee round!

May *Conscience* on thy Footsteps wait,

And all thy *Thoughts* confound!

XXVIII.

May *Egypt's Plagues* disturb thy *Rest*!

And ev'ry loath'd *Disease*!

Till thou hast all my *Wrongs* redrest,

May all those *Plagues* increase!

And

XXIX.

And, may the *Partners* of thy *Joy*,
Be *Partners* of thy *Pain*!
Till they have all my *Sorrow* felt,
May *Pleasures* be their *Bane*!

XXX.

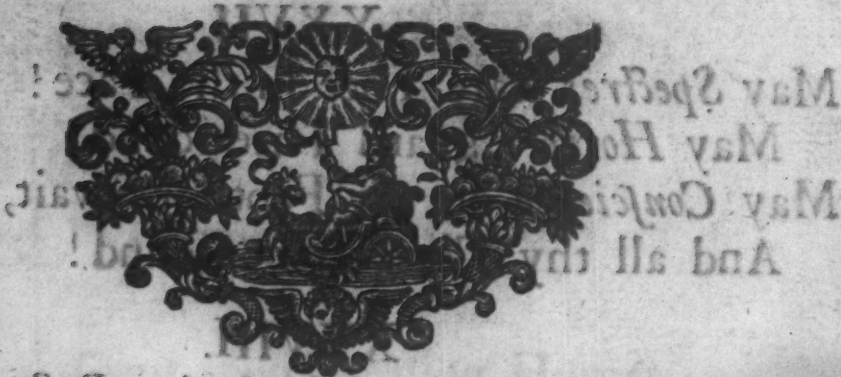
But soft—the *Glow-worm* calls me hence,
And e'er it call on *Thee*,
Atone for ev'ry black *Offence*:—
FAREWELL!—REMEMBER ME!

XXV.

Still Thou enjoy'st that guilty *Dance*,
In rank, incestuous *Bed*;
Think, where will lodge thy wicked *Soul*,
When from *Shy Body* *Ned*! *F*

XXVI.

Think on the deadly *Deeds* you've done;
Think on the fatal *Charge*—
The *Crimes* the higher in *Account*,
Than *Justice* can *avenge*.



May *Egypt's* *Plagues* disturb thy *Rest*!
And ev'ry loathsome *Disease*!
Till thou hast all my *Worship* rest,
May all those *Plagues* increase!